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## ESSAY ON MARRIAGE.

THERE is nothing which renders a woman more despicable than her thinking it essential to happiness to be married. Besides the gross indelicacy of the sentiment, it is a false one, as thousands of women have experienced.

But a married state, if entered into from proper motives of esteem and affection, is the happiest, makes women the most respectable in the eyes of the world, and the most useful members of society. Care should be taken not to relinquish the ease, and independence of a single life, to become the slave of a fool, or a tyrant's caprice.

Love is very seldom produced at first sight; at least, in that case, it must have a very unjustifiable foundation. True love is founded on esteem, in a correspondence of tastes and sentiments, and steals on the heart imperceptibly. Therefore, before the affections come to be in the least engaged to any man, women should examine their tempers, their tastes, and their hearts very severely; and settle in their own minds, what are the requisites to their happiness in a married state; and, as it is almost impossible that they should get every thing they wish, they should come to a steady determination what they are to consider as essential, and what may be sacrificed.

Should they have hearts disposed by nature for love and friendship, and possess those feelings which enable them to enter into all the refinements and delicacies of these attachments, matters should be well considered before they give them any indulgence.

Should they have the misfortune to have such tempers, and such sentiments deeply rooted in them; should they have spirit and resolution to resist the solicitations of vanity, the persecution of friends; and can they support the prospect of the many inconveniences attending the state of an old maid, then they may indulge themselves in that kind of sentimental reading and conversation, which is most correspondent to their feelings.

But if it is found on a strict self-examination, that marriage is absolutely essential to their happiness, the secret should be kept inviolable in their own bosoms; but they should shun, as they would do the most fatal poison,

all that species of reading and conversation, which warms the imagination, which engages and softens the heart, and raises the taste above the level of common life. If they do otherwise, let them consider the terrible conflict of passions this may afterwards raise in their breasts.

If this refinement once takes deep root in their minds, and they do not mean to obey its dictates, but marry from vulgar and mercenary views, they may never be able to eradicate it entirely, and then it will embitter all their married days. Instead of meeting with sense,—tenderness—delicacy—a lover—a friend—an equal companion in a husband, they may be tried with insipidity and dulness;—shocked with indelicacy;—and mortified by indifference.

To avoid these complicated evils, joined to others which may arise from the opinion of the infelicity thence arising; women who are determined, at all events to marry, should have all their reading and amusements of such a kind, as do not affect the heart nor the imagination, except in the way of wit and humour.

Whatever are a woman's views in marrying, she should take every possible precaution to prevent being disappointed. If fortune, and the pleasure it brings be her aims, the principal security she can have for this will depend on her marrying a good-natured, generous man; who despises money, and who will let her live where she can best enjoy that pleasure, that pomp, and parade of life for which she married him.

In order to ensure felicity, it is difficult to point out in the married state the most effectual method; nor can we advise whom a woman should marry, but we may with great confidence advise whom she should not marry.

A companion that may entail any hereditary disease on posterity, particularly madness, should be avoided. Such risque is the height of imprudence, and highly criminal.

A woman should not marry a fool; he is the most intractable of all animals he is led by his passions and caprices, and is incapable of hearing the voice of reason. Besides it may probably too hurt a woman's vanity to have a husband, for whom she has reason to blush



and tremble every time he opens his lips in company.

But the worst circumstance that attends a fool, is his constant jealousy of his wife's being thought to govern him. This renders it impossible to lead him; and he is continually doing absurd and disagreeable things, for no other reason but to shew he dare do them.

A rake is always a suspicious husband, because he has only known the most worthless of the sex.

Women, who have a sense of religion, should not think of husbands who have none. If husbands have tolerable understandings, though not actuated by religious principles themselves, they will be glad that their wives have religion, for their own sakes, and for the sake of their families.

If they are weak men, they will be continually shocking and teasing them about their principles.

A sudden fall of passion should never be given way to, and dignified with the name of love.---Genuine love is not founded on caprice; it is founded in nature, or honourable views;—on virtue—on similarity of tastes, and sympathy of soul.

In point of fortune, which is necessary to the happiness of both, a competency is requisite. But what that competency may be, can only be determined by their own tastes. If they have enough between them, as will satisfy all demands, it is sufficient.

Marriage will at once dispel the enchantment raised by external beauty; but the virtues and graces that first warmed the heart, that reserve, and delicacy which always left the lover something further to wish, and often made him doubtful of his mistress's sensibility and attachment, may and ought ever to remain.

The tumult of passion will naturally subside; but it will be succeeded by an endearment that affects the heart in a more equal, more sensible, and more tender manner.

### THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;

OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CA\*INA.

UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

*Translated from the German of Tschink.*

(Continued from page 291.)

THE fifth of August, in the night of which the plot was to be carried into execution, the King sent orders to all the troops that were quartered in the neighbourhood of Lis\*on, to march instantly to the capital under the pretext of a review. On the morning of the same day, he delivered himself sealed instructions to his most faithful officers, ordering them not to be opened before noon, when they were to execute the contents with the greatest dispatch.

These precautions being taken, the king ordered the Great Council of State to assemble at one o'clock. The Bishop of Br\*ga and the Marquis of Villa Re\*l were arrested as soon as they entered the council chamber, and

a captain of the life guard seized the Duke of Ca\*ina at the same time in the public street. This was the time when all the officers opened their sealed orders, which contained the names of those whom they were to arrest, and of the prison to which they were to conduct them. Every one of the conspirators was confined in a different prison, and some were arrested by more than one officer. All those that had been ordered to execute the king's command, arrived at the same time at the places of their destination, and performed their mission almost in one moment. The number of the prisoners amounted to forty-seven.

A committee of Grandees was now appointed to try the conspirators. The letters through which the plot had been discovered were not produced at the beginning of the trial, in order not to betray the Marquis of Aja\*onti. Baeza being threatened to be put to the rack confessed first, and the rest confirmed his confession after having been put to the torture. The Marquis of Villa Re\*l and the Duke of Ca\*ina, and the two prelates confessed voluntarily.

Alumbrado endured the first degree of the torture without confessing any thing; however, at the second he began to be more tractable.

Imagining that my readers will be desirous to learn the particulars of the life of this extraordinary man, I will give a short sketch of what I could learn.

He was born at \*a\*. If the virtues of parents were as inheritable as their rank and fortune, he would not have been a disgrace to a family as noble as it was respectable. Already in his juvenile age he exhibited marks of a penetrating understanding, of an extraordinary docility and acuteness, but nature had thrown away her gifts upon a villain. The great rigour with which his father watched his conduct, had no other effect but that of making him a hypocrite, for he would commit any crime if he could do it unobserved, although he was generally believed to be a pattern of every virtue. In his ninth year he killed a girl by a stone thrown from a sling, and was capable not only of fathering the crime upon one of his play-fellows, but, at the same time of rendering his accusation more plausible by his solemn protestations, and the tears he shed over the corpse. Progress of time changed his conduct not in the least, he rather improved in wickedness, and in the art of concealing his crimes.

Inheriting from his father an immense fortune, he determined to indemnify himself for his former constraint, by the most licentious manner of life, and abandoned himself to all sorts of debauchery, with a fury that ruined both his health and his fortune. The grief at this conduct broke the heart of his mother, at which he was not very sorry, expecting to improve his fortune by a new inheritance. He was, however, disappointed, for his mother, thinking it sinful to support him in his debaucheries, left her wealth to a cloister. Glowing with thirst for revenge, he set it on fire and ran away.



The vengeance of Heaven pursued him, and want soon completed the measure of his wretchedness. Whither so ever he went he was haunted by the unrelenting punishments of the Omnipotent Judge on high, and the greatest distress. At length he obtained leave of a captain, who was just going to sea, to embark on board of his vessel.

Thus he did, indeed, get out of the reach of public justice, but not of the vengeance of Heaven. The ship was captured by Algerine pirates, and he was dragged to captivity.

He abjured his religion and turned Mahometan, in order to ease the yoke of slavery that lay heavy on his shoulders. His great capacities enabled him soon to improve his situation, and during some successful cruises against his own countrymen, he acquired a considerable fortune, which he increased rapidly through his speculations on land and sea, which he carried on for more than twenty years with astonishing success.

Meanwhile he took every opportunity of injuring the Christians, and Portugal lost through his infernal intrigues her most valuable possessions in Africa.

Yet his good fortune became at last the source of new misfortunes, puffing him up with pride in such a manner, that he aspired to a dignity in the state which a renegade rarely or never obtains. The Dey of Algiers died, and he spared neither expences nor artifices to be constituted his successor; his ambitious views were however frustrated.

His pride was wounded, and he endeavoured to gain his aim by additional bribes, but in vain! Enraged with new disappointment, he conspired against the new Dey; a Dervise, whom he wanted to implicate in his plot, betrayed him, and he had scarcely time to save himself by a sudden flight, leaving all his ill-gotten wealth behind.

On his return to Europe he disguised himself in the garb of a pilgrim, and affected to be a peregrinating penitentiary. Wherever he passed through he pretended to have visited the holy sepulchre, where the infidels had detained him a long while in captivity, from which he had been delivered, at length, in a miraculous manner. He distributed small pieces of wood, stone, and earth, as valuable relics, for which the poor superstitious multitude paid him great sums of money.

Thus he roamed from place to place, and met every where with credulous people, with hospitality and alms. At Aran\*uez he got acquainted with the Bishop of P—\*, who, at that time, exercised the office of a papal legate at the court of Spa\*n. His pharisaical hypocrisy enabled him to ingratiate himself with that worthy prelate, who was so much deceived by him, that he received him into his service.

Alumbrado dispatched the private secretary of his de-luded master by a dose of poison, and succeeded him in his place. The unsuspecting prelate was so much pleased with Alumbrado's abilities and services, that he recommended him to Oliva\*ez when he returned to Rome.

The character of the Prime Minister of Spa\*n differed

materially from that of the Bishop; Alumbrado, however, knew how to accommodate himself to every one. He soon prejudiced his new patron so much in his favour, that he entrusted him with the execution of a political charge of the greatest importance, and Alumbrado acquitted himself so well of his commission, that the Minister promised to reward his services on the first opportunity. Alumbrado improved every opportunity of securing the favour of his master, and endeavoured anxiously to explore his ruling passions.

The keen-sighted dissembler soon found out that the Minister was a great admirer of the occult sciences, and instantly hinted that he had acquired a great knowledge of those sciences on his travels. From that moment the Minister was rather in Alumbrado's service than the latter in his.

Thus they had lived together in mutual good understanding five years, when the commotions in Portu\*al began to alarm the Court of Mad\*\*d. Alumbrado was sent to Lisbon, in order to counteract the machinations of the Duke of Braga\*za, but having not been able to effect his purpose, attempted to carry his point by forming a conspiracy, which, if it had succeeded, would have proved fatal to the life of the new King, and plunged the empire into the greatest misery.

Unfortunate young man! who hast been implicated in the most enormous artifices of a monster in that infernal plot; have not all the torments of Hell raged in thy bosom, when the veil which that arch deceiver had thrown over that horrid undertaking was removed, when thy seducer was unmasked before his judges, and thou sawest in whose hands thou hast been, and how the miracles by which thou hadst been ensnared, had been wrought? A fragment which I have copied from the records of the trial, will enable the reader to form an idea of the state of my unhappy friend.

Duke. It is impossible, I say.

Alumbrado. And yet it is exactly as I have told you. It was you who prompted me by your relation of your adventures with the Irishman, to gain you for my purpose by delusive miracles. These were the only means left me by the Marquis of F——, for I could not expect to ensnare you by apparitions of ghosts, after the sensible arguments which he had opposed to your belief in their existence. Your friend's philosophical caution not trust a man whom you should have caught once in the act of committing a fraud, obliged me to be on my guard, and I endeavoured to persuade you that I was a saint.

I pronounced the Irishman a forcerer in order to prejudice you against him, and to exclude him from all further connection with you. Thus I gained more than I ever should have done, if I had pronounced him an impostor, because I had it very much at my heart to inspire you with a blind belief in supernatural events of every kind, and a blind confidence in my miracles.

(To be continued.)



## REFLECTIONS ON WAR.

ON the first appearance of this dreadful and destructive calamity, the parties more particularly and personally engaged, are animated with an enthusiastic ardour, to have an opportunity of signalizing themselves in it. It is then that the impetuosity of youth, the fervour, the experience, the sapience, of old age, are called forth in open field, to put in force the discussions of the cabinet, and to engage with real zeal in the cause of their country; it is then that every manly breast feels a warlike impulse thrilling the whole frame! The sound of drums, the roaring of cannon, the clangor of every species of martial music, rise figuratively within us: it is then that we should

"Set the teeth, and stretch the nostrils wide,  
Hold hard the breath, and bend up ev'ry spirit  
To it's full height."

SHAKESPEARE.

While thus engaged, through the medium of honour, under the tremendous banners of Mars; buoyed up by him, we fall forth, and bear down all mortal opposition. We scarcely, in our thoughts, survey the disconsolate many we left behind; who, though concerned, are not engaged, in the murderous contest. Flushed with the hopes of suspended victory, the insignia of triumph hanging doubtful over our heads, whole hosts advancing to dispute with us our martial prowess, we indulge no thoughts about those who lament the loss of a father, a child, a husband, a brother, or a friend.

Stunned with the fatal tidings, which mournfully announce the death of an affectionate father, behold the wretched family, the disconsolate, the helpless relict, of a gallant warrior; who, with the bravery of his arm, supplied the wants of nature to a once happy family: now, robbed of their entire support, they in vain call out to the manes of their Sire; in vain invoke all that was most dear to them, to return from the mouldering dust! But this trying scene is too affecting to demand expression. Let us, then, survey, in return, the condition of those venerable parents who weep the loss of their beloved offspring. A prey to that incessant grief which naturally accompanies those to whom the fatal loss happens, the worthy sire, and the tender matron, lament the eternal exit of their ill-fated son; whom, as they nurtured him in happiness, the tear of genuine affection trickled down the manly cheek, and the sweet smile of maternal fondness pervaded the mother's enraptured locks. Now, that scene of mutual content is changed for misery, sorrow, and incessant tears. None but parents can conceive their condition; none but parents picture what it is impossible for the tongue or pen to describe. Let us, from this scene, turn to view another equally affecting.

In portraying the situation of the disconsolate and mournful widow, we should find, were we to confine our ideas to her alone, an ample field for grief and serious consideration. Living, perhaps, in uninterrupted harmony, friendship, and love, the happy pair, if poor, supplied the wants of nature with an industrious hand; and,

if ever persecuted by the hand of mercenary, fickle Fortune, sought in each others bosom an asylum against the storms of Fate: if rich, perhaps a bright example of conjugal affection, the love and happiness of all around, of all connections and dependencies. An adieu, a final adieu! took place between the brilliant pair, previously to his entering the plains of Mars. The calls of Honour are loud; the calls of honour must be obeyed: obeyed they are; and, sacrificed to them, are the best, the bravest of her votaries! Returning, to behold the situation of the widow absorbed in grief, we find beauty in distress. Bereft of every consolation that this life affords, the partner of her joys, the solace of her cares, and the partaker of her fond embraces, she languishes a life of widowhood in misery; lamenting the hour that gave her birth, to linger out a miserable existence in the nursery of Woe. This is one of the many fatal consequences produced by that awful, that terrific hydra, War.

Now, finally, let us survey the condition of the man, who, in the loss of a real friend, has lost every thing of value in this world. The sharer, as it were, of his bosom; his comforter in this vale of tears; his refuge in adversity; and, in short, all that he esteemed; is gone, in a moment gone, and launched for ever into those boundless realms of beatitude, "from whose bourne no traveller returns." Is it the loss of an affectionate brother he mourns, and yet laments with mental fortitude? If so, it was friendship indeed! Where two hearts congenial rise, amicably, fraternally, combining each other's souls. They lived, and lived happy in each other, a most unparalleled example of fraternal amity and love. But, alas! how transitory is this earthly vision, this temporary bliss! How little to be depended on, our situation here! These two, who the rugged paths of life together trod, each other's souls exchanged, & the sweet balm of friendship tasted, are separated for ever; never, never to meet, till the massy ambrosial gates of those mansions of eternal bliss shall be opened to them, where every vice, and it's attendant passions, are wrecked to annihilation, and vanish to eternity!

A few more reflections, and I have done. War, tho' often productive of the most solid advantages, is always attended with the most miserable consequences; and what serves to enrich a few individuals, may reduce many to misery and want, whose former circumstances were none of the most inferior sort. Callous, indeed, must be the heart of that man, and lost to every sense of fellow-feeling, who can behold such scenes, and not be melted at the sight. These are the consequences of war; of that war which, when of long duration, entails wretchedness on the greatest part of the community, and tends to destroy and reduce to general distress, nations once the envy of the world. Well may we, then, in such critical emergencies, pour out our souls to the omniscient Disposer of all things; and, with fervency of heart, exclaim—

"Great God of wars, make rage and discord cease;  
And let the busy world be hush'd in peace."

TYRUNCULUS.



ALI AND ORASMIN;

OR, THE EFFECTS OF ENVY.

WHEN Muley Mustapha swayed the Ottoman Empire, lived Ali and Orasmin, sons of two most eminent Lords in the court of Amurath his father; they were born on the same day; had been companions from infancy; contemplated together the stupendous beauties of Nature; scrutinized the complicated labyrinths of Knowledge; cultivated the heroic discipline of War; and courted the irresistible Graces calculated to meliorate the ruggedness of the soldier, and familiarize the pedantic stiffness of the scholar; polish the invaluable precepts of Wisdom, and make even Virtue's self more divine. It was determined at their births, by the Genii of Excellence, that Ali should surpass Orasmin in beauty of person, strength of body, and vigor of mind; and though the latter apparently possessed all the candour and generosity of the former, he was in reality subtle and selfish; jealous of merit, and impatient of superiority; yet the sacred zone of friendship was mutually exchanged between them, and they were the sole confidants of each other.

A soil so ungrateful as the breast of Orasmin was little propitious to the seeds of amity; especially as increasing maturity confirmed proportionately the unkind bias of nature. In all their emulatory exercises, the wreath of victory was the boon of Ali, who wore it with the most conciliating demeanour; but nothing could reconcile Orasmin to repeated disappointment; continual defeat increased his chagrin; his friendship daily subsided; he had recourse to stratagem for triumph, but the result was ever accumulated mortification; till, at length, envy took possession of his breast, and was by a most important occurrence sublimed into a desire of revenge.

Of Amine, the beautiful and virtuous daughter of the Vizier Omar, they were both enamoured; and both sought her affections, though unknown to each other: but the talisman of Fortune was in the hand of Ali; and, by consent of the vizier, the cadi drew up the contract of union between them. Orasmin attended the celebration of his friends nuptials; but, while he prayed aloud that Alla might shower down innumerable blessings on his head, he cursed him in his heart, and from that moment meditated his destruction. But his resentment he veiled under the garb of extreme solicitude; and while on his lips dwelt the mellifluous accents of disinterested profession, the deadly gall of hatred rankled in his soul. Lo! to the eye, how beautiful appears the serpent of the desert; yet in his mouth is inserted a barbed sting, and under his tongue is collected the dark beverage of death!

Orasmin now steadfast in his hate, waited with the utmost anxiety for a favourable moment to effect his monstrous purposes on his rival, as the tawny lion of Africa watches an opportunity to spring on his prey: but the hopes of the envious were vain; the conduct of Ali put Scandal to shame, and bade defiance to the machinations of Malice.

The pure bliss which the new-married couple enjoyed

was in the fullness of time heightened extremely by the birth of a son: but it is written in the ample book of Nature, "That the fairest blossom shall be blighted, and the green leaf shall not last forever;" and, in the unutterable volume of Destiny, that—"The aspect of human happiness is deceitful as the complexion of the sky; and that the exquisite season of enjoyment flees away on the light pinions of impatience." The son of Amine was stolen from his nurse; and the house of Ali, from being the mansion of supreme felicity, became on a sudden, the dwelling of anguish, and the haunt of despair.

An hundred moons had revolved, and Ali and Amine heard not of their first-born; neither did the all-wise Alla think fit to supply his place by another. At length, Ali was dispatched on an expedition against the enemies of the faithful; and Orasmin had the mortification to serve under him, as second in command. He resolved to thwart him all he could insidiously: and, by a well-concerted stratagem, and most consummate address, made so grand diversion in favour of the foe, that the Musselmens were not only defeated; but, apparently to the whole army, through the imbecility of the commander in chief, who narrowly escaped being made a prisoner.

The sagacious Ali, however, though he little suspected the treachery of Orasmin, knew well where the blame lay; yet rather than his friend should suffer, nobly chose to keep silence, and himself bear the whole weight of the Sultan's displeasure.

The perfidious Orasmin, internally rejoicing at the effect of his art, with the greatest pleasure received the news, that the generous Ali was banished his sovereigns presence, and had retired to hide his shame far from the royal city. Time, however, and the interest of Omar, once more restored Ali to Mustapha's favour; he was intrusted, in a full divan, with an embassy to the Christian states; and returned, after having concluded his mission in the most honourable manner. But it should seem that the Genii of Prosperity had resigned his destiny to the Spirits of Malediction; the sublime satisfaction he received from the approving smiles of his royal master, were blasted by the intelligence that Amine, the wife of his holom, was no more! At his departure, she had retired to a house which he possessed by the sea-shore; and it was her custom every evening to ramble among the rocks, as if to look for his return; from one of these excursions she never returned; and her attendants concluded that she must have been drowned.

Ali was distracted at the information, and flew from society to bury his grief in sympathizing solitude. In the mean time, partly through sorrowing for his daughter and partly through the dilapidations of time, the venerable Omar resigned his seat of mortality; and Orasmin, by mere intrigue, obtained the post of temporary Vizier; as Mustapha had proclaimed, that no one should be confirmed in it, but he who should perform an action worthy of such a reward.

Orasmin, however, through the most refined artifice, had almost induced the Sultan to perpetuate his claim to the viziership; when Nadar Ismoul, with a formidable



army, approached, with all the insolence of a rebel, within two days march of the royal capital. The voice of rebellion pierced the recesses of grief; and Ali, roused from his desponding lethargy by the imminent danger of his country, hastened to court, and throwing himself at the Sultan's feet, entreated leave to march against Nadar, and retrieve his former dishonour. Muley readily complied; and Ali took the field with a less, but a much better disciplined army than that of Nadar: victory strode before him; the deluded forces of the traitor threw down their arms, but it was the will of Alla that their leader should escape.

The acclamations of thousands proclaimed the honourable return of Ali; and Orasmin, making a virtue of necessity, was the first to declare him worthy of the viziership. He at first hesitated to accept it, for the memory of Amine had estranged his heart from society; but, reflecting that man was not made for himself, and that he who flights the power of doing good is an enemy to human nature, he received it at the hands of his gracious sovereign with the most zealous and heartfelt professions of gratitude. The torments of Orasmin increased daily; and, though he overruled the most marked attention to his rival outwardly, the dark projects of revenge continually absorbed his mind. An orphan, who from earliest infancy had been under his protection, loved, and was beloved by his daughter: he had long noticed it, but concealed that knowledge. One day, when the lovers were enjoying, as they thought, the blisses of security, he surprized them, and with a stern frown bade Ibrahim follow him. They entered a private apartment; when Orasmin, seating himself, thus addressed the youth, who stood trembling before him—"Ibrahim, when the Angel of Death deprived thee of thy parents, and the Angel of Adversity destroyed the fortunes of thine house, thou wast insensible to thy loss. Thy father had been my most intimate friend, and I took thee under my protection. I have been to thee as a father, and thou hast been profuse in professions of gratitude; but it is by deeds alone that we can judge of the sincerity of the heart, and Orasmin now finds it necessary to put thy gratitude to trial." Then, giving him a letter, bade him read it; which the terrified Ibrahim immediately opening, found to contain these words—

"Ali Mahomet, to his esteemed friend, Nadar Ismoul, greeting, health and happiness. To the tyrant Mustapha, despair and death! The plan of thy defeat was well managed; the credulous Muley is completely deceived, and has made me vizier: he little dreams, that he has put himself into the power of his most implacable enemy. I dispatch this by a trusty messenger; by whom, from time to time, I shall communicate to thee what steps thou art to take. At present, keep still where thou art; and I hope soon to call thee from thy hiding-place, to share with me the empire of the usurping Othmans. Thine in all the ardour of sincerity. "ALI MAHOMET."

"Among the talents thou possessest," continued Orasmin, "thou hast that of imitating, beyond the possibility

of detection, the most difficult hand-writing; transcribe then, that letter in the characters of Ali our vizier, specimens of which I shall give thee; and if thou succeedest to my wish the hand of my daughter Almeria, whom thou lovest, shall be thine." The agitation of surprize which possessed the youthful Ibrahim, left him not words to reply: he stammered a few incoherent words; when Orasmin, drawing his scymitar, cried—"I am not to be trifled! to the task this moment; or, by the head of Mahomet, thou shalt follow the shade of thy father! But, I again repeat it, if thou pleasest me, Almeria shall be thine to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

#### IRONICAL INSTRUCTION TO LOUNGERS.

SUCH gentlemen as carry small canes, in modish language termed *canes*, ought to put them in a horizontal position under their right arm, taking especial care that the ferule end, which must be carried behind them, be sufficiently dirty. This, with a jerk in the gait, and a frequent whisk, as if to look about them, will prevent that crowd of busy people, who infest the public streets, from pressing too close.

If a short man carry an umbrella, let him lift it no higher, than the eyes of the overgrown monsters, among the passengers of the street. By this expedient, he will prevent their coming so near, as to splash him; at least, if they do, it will be at the hazard of loss of sight.

Such gentlemen, as write their letters in a coffee-house, should endeavour to procure two or three of the newspapers of the day, to put under their paper. This will prevent the table soiling their letter, or their ruffle; as to the impatience of those, who wait for news, that is not the business of a gentleman to inquire about.

If a Coffee-room be crowded, endeavour to fix yourself at the corner of a table, in such a manner, that you prevent any one passing you to get seated on any other part of the bench; or, if that cannot conveniently be done, put one, or both of your legs, at full length upon the seat, lean back, whistle, or pick your teeth. This will show your consequence.

If you walk the streets, always wear boots and spurs, especially in the summer months, when the ways are clean. I say *spurs*, because it is three to one, but they catch the apron or petticoat of some woman, who is passing you; if she be young and handsome, you may make a low bow, and ask her pardon, in a *degagé* way, which may give birth to an agreeable connexion. Observe the same rule, when you go to the play-house; besides, if your boots be sufficiently dirty, you prevent people incommoding you, by crowding a box seat.

Whenever you call a hackney coach, order the driver to stop his horses, as near as possible to the foot-way. This will naturally occasion a number of people to stop, and give you an opportunity, of showing your person, or a new coat, made in the *ton*.



For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

H O P E.

HOPE may be considered as a *mental stimulus*: It is to the mind what the blood is to the body: If the circulation of the latter is arrested, the powers of life collapse; if Hope deserts us, despair commences her gloomy reign, and blackens every prospect. Few are free from the intrusions of this unwelcome visitor when assaulted by the calamities of life, when the gay visions of imagination vanish from their sight, and when the anguish of remorse preys upon the soul. Since each earthly dependance must fail, how miserable is he whose only objects of Hope are confined to the present world, and how often must his heart flag for want of this necessary stimulus. Hence appears the glorious advantage of that man, whose Hope, grounded on a faith in divine Revelation, extends through eternity. This is the prerogative of the Christian, and from hence he draws a never-failing supply in whatever state he is destin'd to appear.

VIATOR.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

S L A V E R Y.

GLOOMY night had begun her reign, and dread silence prevailed in and about the habitations that were situated on the banks of the Niger\*; and nought was there to interrupt the gloom, save man, *savage-civilized* man; who, conscious that the deed he perpetrates is unfit for the sun to be witness of, makes choice of this solemn hour, when the sad victims to his avarice are fast locked in the arms of sleep and innocence, to accomplish his nefarious designs.

On such an hour as hath my pen portrayed, forth rushed from a bark that bore proud Albion's flag, several, who had long been the acknowledged possessors of what are called "*hearts of oak*"—(perhaps the title never suited more exactly). The base commander had taken the advantage of unguarded innocence, and to accumulate wealth, purloined his fellow man. The "*Free Briton*" was converted into a Slave ship, and became a prison for Africa's ill-fated sons.

Near to the shore the vessel lay, until its *honourable* master had seen stowed in its hold, far from Aurora's soul-reviving beams, sufficient of those beings that were formed in the exact image of his Creator, to complete his cargo, spread his canvass to the gentle breeze. The ship, as if partaking in some degree of the spirit of its commander, proudly mounted the white top'd billows, and exulting in the numbers she was conducting to their destined port to partake of the bitter draught of slavery, flew before the wind.

Hitherto the winds had been propitious, and nought had intervened to disturb the pleasure of the crew. Half

\* A great River in Africa.

the distance had the vessel measured; and so certain were they of soon beholding the island of Barbadoes, that they could have sworn they would have reached it ere a week had finished. But righteous Heaven, who, alas! is the only protector of inoffending mortals, grieved to see a portion of its creatures thus abused, sent to the eyes of the eager crew, a ship, that bore engines (not of torture, although navigated by infidels) of war. On her stern majestically waved Britannia's flag. Lured by the bait, the eager crew hastened to greet their brethren. Already was the Captain situated in a place conspicuous, in order to deliver the accustomed salutation; when oh! a death-blow was given to all their expectations—they beheld an Algerine corsair. Too late to retreat they were soon taken possession of, and themselves made prisoners.

L. B.

March 17, 1797.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

At Cherry-hill, by the Rev. Nicholas Van Vranken, Captain SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER, to Miss HARRIOT VAN RENSSELAER, second daughter of Philip Van Rensselaer, Esq.

On Saturday evening the 18th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Abeel, Captain JOSEPH MARSCHALK, to Miss MARY YOUNG, both of this city.

On Friday evening the 24th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. JOHN DEWAY, of Albany, to Miss MARY WARREN, late of England.

On Tuesday evening the 28th ult. by the Rev. Dr. McKnight, Mr. THOMAS S. TOWNSEND, Merchant, to Miss PEGGY NOSTRAND, both of this city.

A few weeks since, at Boston, GRENVILLE TEMPLE, Esq. son of Sir John Temple, Bart. to Mrs. RUSSELL, widow of the late Thomas Russell, Esq. of that city.

On Wednesday the 1st inst. by the Rev. Dr. Pilmore, Mr. ROBERT GIBBONS, to Miss HANNAH HIGGINS, of Elizabeth-Town.

On Thursday evening the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Abeel, Mr. JOHN HOLLOWAY, to Miss CATHARINE STANTON, both of this city.

On Thursday evening tenight, by the Rev. Mr. Holmes, Mr. JOHN COATS, to Miss WILHELMINA PATTERSON, both of this city.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 12th to the 18th. inst.

	Thermometer observed at		Prevailing winds		OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.	
	6, A. M.	3, P. M.	6.	3.	6.	3.
March 12	28	36	s.	do.	cloudy, lt. wd.	clear, calm.
13	36	43	s.	do.	cloudy, calm.	do. do.
14	45	62	s.	do.	foggy, lt. wd.	clear, calm.
15	36	44	ne.	do.	rain, lt. wd.	do. do.
16	33	36	e.	ne.	rain, lt. wd.	do. do.
17	38	48	e.	do.	rain, lt. wd.	very thick fog.
18	48	68	sw.	w.	clr. lt. wd.	thunder shower.



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## A REBUS.

**T**HE Greek, without whose aid fate pre-ordain'd,  
 That Troy had flood, nor Illion's turrets flam'd :  
 An island which Apollo's birth does claim,  
 A judge of Pandemonia's dark domain!  
 A crescent emblem of the ceasing storm,  
 The country where fam'd Liberty was born.  
 The man who brought great natures works to light,  
 A semi orb, that does illumine the night :  
 A Nymph who rides upon the ambient air,  
 Whose voice responds to joy, or fell despair.  
 What Despots to oppose to Reason's Laws.  
 The mount where Beauty's Queen gain'd her fam'd cause :  
 The time when natures wrapt in soft repose,  
 A cave where Reasons beatific smile ne'er flows :  
 A Sage who was translated to the skies ;  
 A principle, Columbia's sons much prize.  
 What fills the frighted mariner with dismay,  
 A bird that does prefer dun night to day ;  
 A city where bright truth and honour shine,  
 Whose laws are rear'd on sentiments divine :  
 An Aeronaut of courage, skill and fame,  
 A Town that mistress of the world did reign.  
 A Bard who sung the various arts of Love,  
 A path through which the planets yearly move :  
 An act that mutual pleasure does impart,  
 What animates and warms each feeling heart.

The initials if rightly combin'd will declare,  
 The name of a Trio of beautiful Lasses ;  
 Than Pallas and Juno, or Venus more fair,  
 Or the Helicon maids, or the Nymphs of Parnassus.

## ON SEEING A LADY AT AN OPPOSITE WINDOW.

**W**HILST on forbidden fruit I gaze,  
 And look my heart away ;  
 Behold my star of Venus blaze,  
 And smile upon the day.

Fair as the purple blushing hours,  
 That paint the morning's eye ;  
 Or cheek of ev'ning after show'rs,  
 That fresh the western sky.

I send a sigh with ev'ry glance,  
 Or drop a softer tear ;  
 Hard fate ! no further to advance,  
 And yet to be so near.

So Moses from fair Pygma's height,  
 The land of promise ey'd :  
 Surveyed the region of delight,  
 He saw, came down, and di'd.

Then oh ! my Fair, descend to bless,  
 And soothe those sorrows in my breast !  
 My heart's desponding into grief,  
 Thy healing balm can give relief !

## AN ADDRESS TO THE VOTARIES OF POESY.

By JAMES DE-LA-COUR.

**O**h ! come my friends, who like with me to rove,  
 The flow'ry mountain, and the laurel grove ;  
 Where god Apollo guards the limpid fount,  
 And the glad muses climb the vocal mount ;  
 You whom the voice invites to taste their charms,  
 Whom verse transports, and tuneful fancy warms ;  
 Before you press the syrens to your heart,  
 Attend awhile the precepts I impart.

First let your judgment for your fancy chuse,  
 Of all the nine, the most unblemish'd muse ;  
 Soft yet sublime, in love yet strictly cloy,  
 Prone to be grave, yet not averse to joy ;  
 Where taste and candour, wit and manners meet,  
 Bold without bombast, daring but discreet ;  
 Correct with spirit, musical with sense,  
 Not apt to give, nor slow to take offence ;  
 First to commend when others thoughts are shown,  
 But always last delighted with her own.

When this is done, let nature be your guide,  
 Rise in the spring, or in the river glide ;  
 In every line consult her as you run,  
 And let her Nais roll the river on :  
 Unless to please our nice corrupted sense,  
 Art be call'd in, and join'd with vast expence ;  
 Then rivers wander thro' the vale no more,  
 But boil in pipes, or spout thro' figur'd ore ;  
 The neighb'ring brooks their empty channels mourn,  
 That now enrich some artificial urn.

Thus ever suit your numbers to your theme,  
 And tune their cadence to the falling stream ;  
 Or shoud the falling stream incline to love,  
 Let the words slide, and like its murmurs move :  
 Poor were the praise to paint the purling rill,  
 To make it music is the muses skill ;  
 Without her voice the spring runs silent by,  
 Dumb are the waters, and the verse's dry ;  
 While chill'd with ice the cool waves creep along,  
 And all the fountain freezes in the song.

## ANACREONTIC.

Found in an old Drawer in the Repositories of a Person deceased.

**O** GOD of Sleep ! since we must be  
 Oblig'd to give some hours to thee ;  
 Invade me not whilst the full bowl  
 Glows on my cheek, and warms my soul.  
 Be that the only time to rest,  
 When I no wine, no joys can taste :  
 Short, very short, then, be thy reign,  
 For I'm in haste to live again.

But oh ! if melting in my arms,  
 The nymph belov'd, with all her charms,  
 In some sweet dream should then surprise,  
 And grant what waking she denies ;  
 Gentle slumber ! prithee stay,  
 Slowly, slowly bring the day.  
 Let no rude noise my bliss destroy,  
 For sweet delusion's real joy.